

THE ROUND-UP.

(Continued from page one.)

was grist that came to the mill in these days.

A Night Scene in a Cow Camp.

A night scene in a cow camp is roughly picturesque, and not uncomfortable, if there are no blizzards or storms to stampede the cattle gathered during the day, and which are held wherever night finds them. This is generally a spot selected in advance by one of the bosses, who rides ahead to find a place with grass and water—both essential—as it is not possible to carry enough of food or water for the animals belonging to

process is decidedly interesting, and the ponies are a greater factor in it. A cow pony is born, not made. Some are good at roping, and almost worthless elsewhere on the range. Roping cattle is a fine art, and the man who can do it without getting pitched over his pony's head once in a while is the rare exception. A pony that is good at "cutting out" is valuable. When his rider starts into the bunch after a particular animal the good cow pony seems to catch the scent almost as a dog does. Anyhow, he will pay no attention to anything else until that creature is outside the herd. If he is not intelligent and up to his business he can stampede the whole bunch in short order by plunging and jamming against the cattle. If the ani-



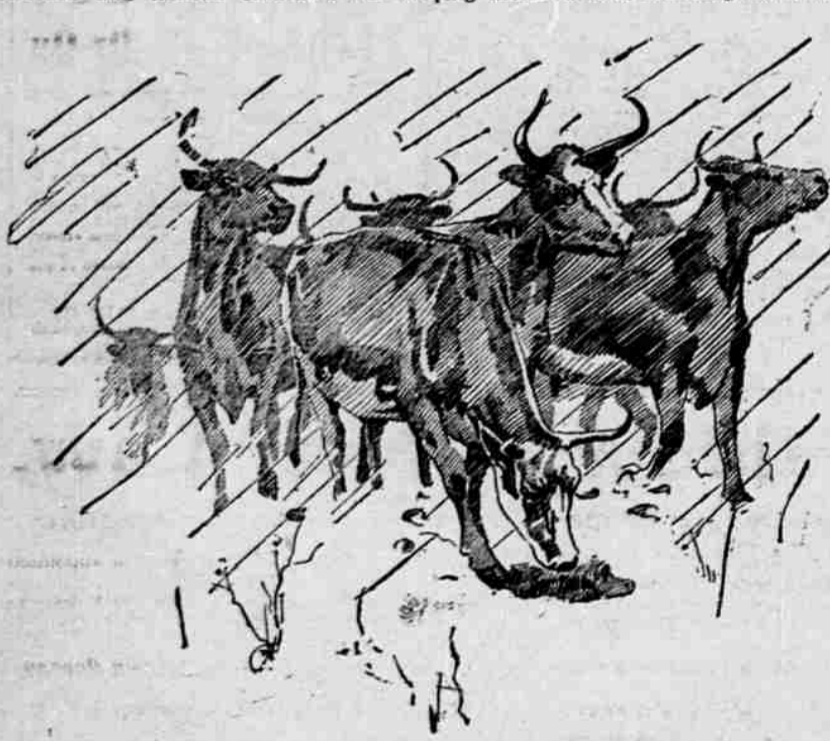
DINNER ON THE ROUND-UP.

the outfit, even to say nothing of the thousands of "critters" added to the bunch in a day's drive. The "chuck" wagon follows the drive, closely, and as soon as a halt is made begins the preparation of the evening meal. A short horse is soon curried, and by the time the punchers are ready for "chuck" it is ready for them. It consists of beans, nearly always; black coffee, that blisters with its bitter strength; bread of some kind—sometimes it is biscuit—often only "dip-jacks," and some kind of salt meat, generally bacon. Canned "truck" is used by the wagon load, tomatoes, corn and baked beans being a staple diet. There is no tablecloth, except it be wet or muddy everywhere, and then a horse blanket is spread out for the mess to lay the tin dishes on. The dishes are tin plates and tin cups, with a few deep pans, and the cooking utensils are simplicity itself—two or more big, black iron kettles, a skillet or two, and sometimes a sort of a bake oven of iron, and if the mess is particularly affluent a tin stove, which supplies the cook with a sheet-iron affair, called by courtesy a cook stove.

It is all primitive enough, but hunger makes an excellent sauce, and excuses many delinquencies. In the flickering light of the fire, sometimes made of dead tree limbs, but oftener of "cow chips," the prairie cook of the poor pioneer, the cowboy lies on his back on the ground and smokes his pipe, swapping round-up stories till he is sleepy; then he simply rolls over into his blanket, pulls it up around his shoulders, puts his head on his boots or his saddle, and in two minutes has forgotten the perils, pains or pleasures of the day. If the night shows any sign of storm, each man has his "night horse," which is usually the best in his string, lashed to his saddle horn, and everything ready so that he can mount in a hurry if there is a stampede. The other ponies are all in the hands of the "wrangler" who has to ride "night herd."

The Cattle Bedded Down.

The cattle which were rounded up during the day are bedded down not far from the camp, and are carefully guarded by several herders, the night being divided into three watches. During the day the cattle have been accumulated from every direction, brought in in bunches of five to 50, and held by men detailed for that purpose. They are slowly tolled along, so as to keep up with the northward march toward some central point, where they are to be branded and turned loose again. The bedding-down process is an odd feature of cowboy life. Every dainty mother in the land has probably put her washing to sleep with "O, hush thee, my baby," or one of the kindred songs, but would look aghast at the idea of putting Texas cattle to sleep the same way! To be sure, the puncher doesn't sit down in a rocking chair and wrestle with the bovines individually, but after the cowboys have, by gentle persuasion, got the hoofed and horned creatures on the



DRIFTING BEFORE THE STORM.

spot where it is desired they shall be held during the night, they move slowly around the outside of the herd, closing in it as much as possible, singing sometimes at the top of their voices, and sometimes wailing a dirge-like tune that fairly makes one's blood creep. It would frighten a child into spasms, but the cattle seem to like it and gradually lie down, one after another, till silence reigns in the cow camp. No unusual noise or bawling is permitted, as it might stampede the uneasy animals. Indeed, the punchers take care to run the risk themselves, for a stampede makes work for all and is sometimes very disastrous.

Many Kinds of Brands.

In the general round-up there will be gathered cattle which bear a hundred brands each, and in the distribution the "critter" goes to the owner of the freshest brand. There will be found also 40 different brands of cattle in a day's drive. These brands are all registered, if legitimate, and of the 50 passed in succession before any one of the cow-punchers he will locate every hoof and horn by the brand. It is a puzzle to a tenderfoot how the property of each ranchman can be so accurately picked out, but to a cowboy it is like saying his letters—there are some of them who could say the brand with more fluency, doubtless. The ownership of the calves is settled by the mother of the animal; it takes her brand. If a stray calf is found—not that it is mothered by any cow in the herd—it is given to the stockman that has the largest female herd in that vicinity.

When the owners of stock begin to seek out their own, the "cutting out"

process is decidedly interesting, and the ponies are a greater factor in it. A cow pony is born, not made. Some are good at roping, and almost worthless elsewhere on the range. Roping cattle is a fine art, and the man who can do it without getting pitched over his pony's head once in a while is the rare exception. A pony that is good at "cutting out" is valuable. When his rider starts into the bunch after a particular animal the good cow pony seems to catch the scent almost as a dog does. Anyhow, he will pay no attention to anything else until that creature is outside the herd. If he is not intelligent and up to his business he can stampede the whole bunch in short order by plunging and jamming against the cattle. If the ani-

ever found. Then in the grand round-up they came in and claimed their property. The thing is not tolerated where known, however, for there is a peculiar sense of honor among stockmen; they wink at a good many slipshod practices, but they usually have an impromptu necktie party when they find a man who is brandless. Stockmen who have not been secured to him in a perfectly legitimate way.

The cattle business is not what it was once, and the big herds dwindle year by year. Stockmen are learning that fewer cattle will care for more remunerative than enormous herds not cared for at all. On the big ranges the cattle are not fed at all, and have no shelter other than they get from the river and creek banks on the range or in the gorges and canyons. Consequently, during a protracted drouth the cattle die by the thousands for lack of water and of starvation; the hot dry winds kill the grass, the only sustenance. In winter the suffering among cattle on the range is something dreadful. And in the Spring, after an unusually severe winter, the range will be covered thick with the whitening bones of cattle killed by the cold. Men ply a brisk business gathering and selling these bones for fertilizing purposes, for cattle are valuable, dead or alive, and there is scarcely an atom of the whole carcass that cannot be utilized.

Reunion 22d and 66th Ind.

There will be a Reunion of the 22d and 66th Ind., at Scottsburg, Ind., Aug. 19 and 20, 1908. All old soldiers invited.—Philip Menden, Secretary, 66th Indiana Association.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Retirement to Hot Springs—Popularity in Washington—Plans for the Campaign.

Private Citizen and Republican Presidential Nominee William H. Taft has shaken the dust of Washington from his feet. Putting down his official burdens, he has fled away to Hot Springs, Va., in the heart of the mountains. It may be that Washington will see no more of him till after the election. Or he may come thicker on some political business, especially if he travels at any time to New York.

Before his departure there was great political hubbub for a number of days. The politicians leaped and galled. The Secretary tried to divide his time between politics and cleaning up his War Department desk. The divided effort nearly tumbled him out. He was glad indeed to get away to Hot Springs, and Washington and glad indeed to be able to give his time and his thought exclusively to his campaign matters.

Popularity in Washington.

No member of the Cabinet has retired in recent times with the good wishes of as many people as Mr. Taft has. He enjoyed great popularity in Washington, because of his frank and democratic ways. His office was as accessible as any other Cabinet member's, more accessible, by far, than most of them. Democrats and Republicans generally, who enjoy the Secretary's acquaintance, have a deep regard for him. If he is elected President he will enter upon his office enjoying great popularity in the District of Columbia, something that is very rare for an incoming President.

Nominally, Mr. Taft has gone to Virginia Hot Springs to build muscle, train off embonpoint, and get into fine shape for his campaign. He will do all these things by playing golf, in which he finds much enjoyment, but actually he will do a vast amount of work and see a large number of persons on political campaign business. Mr. Taft is going to take nothing for granted in the campaign. He is going to fortify himself at every possible point. He has a lot of material that can be brought out to his benefit. He needs time to think things over, to prepare some speeches on the various issues, to write his letter of acceptance, and to consult with advisers about the campaign work ahead. All these things will receive attention. A presidential candidate also has a very large correspondence. This will occupy much of Mr. Taft's working days. For a Presidential candidate cannot afford to ignore the people who write him letters.

As soon as he gets his National Campaign, Mr. Taft is going to place himself absolutely in that man's hands. He will follow his chairman's advice about his course. Mr. Charles P. Taft, his brother, will also be consulted. Of late there has been a disposition on President Roosevelt's part to eliminate himself somewhat, but it is doubtful whether he will hold to this policy very long. The President became uneasy regarding the character of stories which were getting into print. As an example, an article had been going the rounds to the effect that Mr. Taft was going to rent a house at Oyster Bay and spend the summer there, so that he could be near the President. Neither the President nor Mr. Taft ever had any idea of being together during the summer. The story was circulated, of course, to emphasize Mr. Taft's dependence upon President Roosevelt for his election, as well as his nomination.

Will Take the Stump.

The nominee will make several speeches during the summer and autumn, but he does not know yet whether he will make a stump tour. He will acquiesce in the judgment of his advisers about that, he said before he left Washington. He wants to get on the stump and would especially like to invade Bryan's home State of Nebraska. Mr. Taft has declared that he expects to go to Lincoln to attend the Nebraska State Fair. That probably will become the excuse for a Western stump tour during the early autumn. While Mr. Taft has spoken many times in nearly every one of the Middle Western States and also the States of the Mississippi and the Missouri Valleys, it is quite probable that he will do considerable campaigning in that same section before the time for voting is at hand.

Altho having a Chairman who is to step aside the moment the nominee designates another, the National Committee is already doing considerable preparatory work. Much of this is under the direction of Secretary Elmer Dover, who is trying to have things in ship shape. Some preliminary work has been done toward securing headquarters both in New York and in Chicago and toward securing a competent force with which to man those headquarters. The text book is as good as completed and every department of the Government that has any material for helping keep a Republican President in office was notified some time ago to "get busy."

Why Johnston Surrendered.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a reader of The National Tribune nearly 20 years. Every week I read it thru—Editorials, Picket Shots, Washington News—all good reading for me. I read a lot about the youngest soldier and the wonderful things the boys did; but never hear of the efforts made by the older men to get to the front or place of enlistment, which I think would be interesting reading for Recitals and Reminiscences. When the war broke out I became very much interested in my country, of course, being with the North. I was in Canada, a long way off from any place of enlistment—west over 200 miles, east 150 miles. I had about 75 miles in '64, then struck out for Buffalo, 150 miles east of me. I started on foot and alone from Ottaville, Canada, and traveled three days, making about 75 miles, it being winter and walking not good. Then I ran out of money and had to work, chopping wood, for two or three weeks, to get cash to finish my journey. Then I got a ride of about 20 miles to St. Catherine's, where I took train to Buffalo, taking about three weeks from the time I left home. I enlisted for three years and was sent to the front by Uncle Sam, and was assigned to the 47th N. Y. I joined my regiment at Wilmington. I was in the town was still in flames. We lay out of doors in a drenching rain all night. In the morning we struck out after neighbor and friend, and I found him to Raleigh. How he found out that I had arrived and was after him I do not know. I did not try to make much noise, but in some way he found it out and decided that it was no use to fight any longer and hung up the white flag. I would like to hear from others as to their difficulties in getting to the service.—Joseph W. Cutler, Ottaville, Ont., Can.

Artillery Swab Recovered.

Editor National Tribune: I have in my possession today the only lost ramrod and swab of the Astor Battery on the field of the battle of Manila, July 13, 1898. This I prize highly, as it was found on the field and brought home by my two sons, W. A. and H. M. Jones, who were in the 13th Minn., which took an active part in the battle. Thinking it might be of interest to some of your readers, especially to the Battery boys, I call attention to it.—Albert Jones, Co. G, 8th Minn., Red Wing, Minn.

CAN IT BE AVOIDED?

(Continued from page one.)

nouncing that he was ready to fight "on all, etc., etc." He was taking the anti-Bryan tack about everything.

With their tremendous delegations the Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers always loom large in a Democratic Convention. For Democratic Conventions ever care tremendously for what New York is thinking and doing. The State has ceased to be pivotal, of course, but it has not ceased to be very essential to a Democratic victory. The Pennsylvanians, numbering 68 delegates, are important in all convention votes, but do not receive the same attention, because it is well recognized that the State is hopelessly Republican.

Ohio in Evidence.

Ohio has been figuring materially in the proceedings, because the Democrats claim to have hopes of carrying that State for Governor, with Judson Harman as their candidate, and some hopes, even though he be remote, of carrying the State for Bryan. The name of Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, has been on the lips of the convention throngs quite as much as that of his namesake the Governor of Minnesota, who is a rival candidate with Bryan for the nomination. For Bryan wants Tom Johnson to manage the campaign, which would add to the Ohio interest. The subject was broached to Mayor Tom several weeks ago, but he responded that he was too busy with his Mayoralty and especially with his street railway schemes in

Cleveland to give it his attention. Since then Mr. Bryan has heard that Mayor Tom, if pressed hard enough, might accept, and Mr. Bryan has promptly taken steps to ascertain whether it is true. If it is, he proposes to have Mayor Tom designated as National Chairman of the Democratic Committee by the time the convention is at an end.

Francis Fades.

The boom for ex-Gov. David R. Francis, of Missouri, for National Chairman, which looked large a few weeks ago, has collapsed. Bryan frowned upon it because Mr. Francis in his business is too closely allied to the Rockefeller and Standard Oil interests. On the other hand Bryan frowned down the boom of an ultra radical, ex-Senator Pettigrew, for Chairman and Pettigrew will take his place as a member of the executive committee.

Indiana Has a Star Part.

Indiana always has star parts to play in National Conventions, because the Indiana Democrat dearly loves the political game. Then, this year the hopes of the Indiana Democracy are high. They are conceded to have a chance to make that State again a great political battleground, and also to have bright prospects of electing their State ticket. John W. Kern, who has led many a forlorn hope in Hoosierdom and who is now a Vice Presidential aspirant, is one of the most prominent Hoosier Democrats in the lobbies of the hotels and in the delegates' enclosure of the convention hall. Of course, Tom Taggart stands forth prominently as the Chairman of the National Convention, but his star is

rapidly waning. He is an old Democratic warhorse, but not of the stripe that Bryan likes.

The South has not been as much in the saddle here as it generally is at National Conventions. The Southern politicians, as a rule, are against Bryan, and he knows it. The masses of the voters in the South are for him, and that is why the Southern delegates have come here to vote for Bryan, which assures his nomination. The Permanent Chairman of the convention is to come from the South, in Representative Clayton, of Alabama, a deep-voiced, rich-toned Southerner, whom it is a delight to hear exercise his vocal organs. The South will probably get some recognition on the convention committees, and it is to have some recognition in the nominating speeches, for Gov. Swanson, of Virginia, is one of the Democrats picked to second Bryan's nomination.

The Northern Democrats.

But the big figures in the convention are on the whole to be Northern Democrats. Ex-Representative Theodore A. Bell, of California, a young and accomplished Democrat, who would have carried the State for the Democracy two years ago and have been elected Governor, but for the fact that Hearst persisted in running a third ticket, sounded such a keynote as Bryan wanted sounded and worked the convention to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Bryan has hopes of California, altho they are not likely to be realized.

After all, the great question that Democrats are asking themselves is whether they are going to be able to get thru the convention without a big

row. If they can do that, they reason that they will have accomplished something they have hardly ever been able to accomplish before. The party is composed of factions that love to war and that dearly love a test of strength in their great quadrennial gathering. If some of them do not get it they will not be satisfied, but the pacificatory Bryan in his new role of peace politician, would be highly elated.

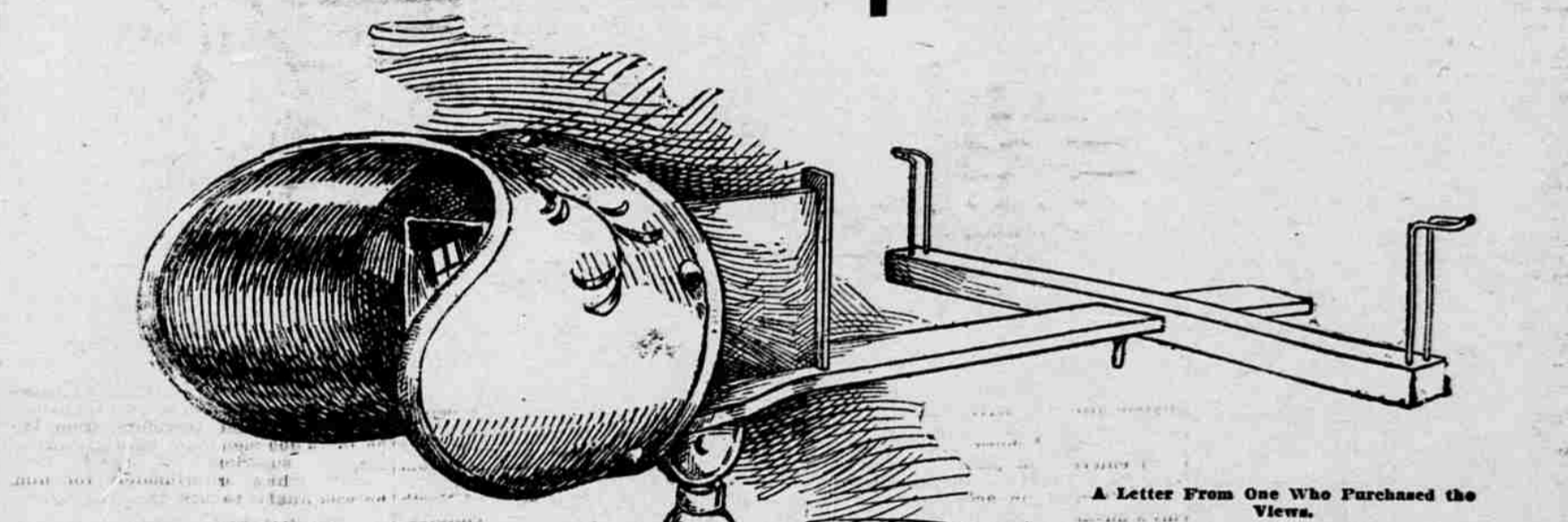
The Thirteenth Corps at Fort Blakely.

Editor National Tribune: It is often better to chuckle in one's sleeve and pass up unnoticed articles relating to our past services so incorrect and ridiculous in the extreme, but the limit and forbearance is reached in your "Picket Shot" column of the 4th inst., emanating from James E. Ehler, 52d Ind., on the Blakely affair. The survivors of the old Thirteenth Corps may petition you to add to your staff a censor on rank, incorrect, hot-air contributions. Permit me to say that when we furled our colors at the end of the war the last honors emblazoned thereon was "Blakely," for the very prominent part it took throughout the siege and in storming the works on the evening of April 9, 1865, and we did not mix it with three regiments of Ladies' Reserves, but went over the works manned by the veteran brigades of Cockerell and French, remnants of the flower of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee. Yes, the Thirteenth Corps was there.—John W. Scott, Co. A, 83d Ohio, Moberly, Mo.

Reunion 13th Wis.

The Reunion of the 13th Wis. will be held at Janesville, Wis., Aug. 12, 1908.—Lieut. W. P. Clarke, Secretary, Milwaukee, Wis.

Last Chance to Secure Stereoscope and Views



A Letter From One Who Purchased the Views.

Anna, Ill.
Editor National Tribune: The Stereoscope and five sets of stereoscopic views came duly to hand, and myself and family are more than well pleased with them, and are astonished and surprised that you sell them at the price you do. There was an agent here a short time ago selling stereoscopic views at 75 cents per dozen, not near so good views as you offer for half the price or less, and double the amount of views.
Yours, in F. C. & L.
Geo. W. Richards,
Co. A, 136th Ill. Inf.

Van Dyne, Wis.
My Dear National Tribune: I received by this morning's mail the full eight sets of stereoscopic views. I am just delighted with them. They are far better than I expected for the small price you ask. This makes me 1,800 of stereoscopic views, and a great many are as fine views as money can buy. So you see I may be classed as a "crank" in that line. Many thanks for the views. I would gladly pay the whole price asked for just the Panama and "Prisco" alone. Wishing you all the health and prosperity possible, I remain, as ever,
Yours, in F. C. & L.
Theodore Herrling.

The National Tribune last year made arrangements with a large manufacturer of stereoscopes for such a very large supply that we were enabled to sell them at the very lowest price—a price that could not be secured by any party who would use only a limited number of the stereoscopes. The price secured was so low that we were enabled to offer to our readers a very handsome and serviceable stereoscope, together with The National Tribune for one year, at \$1.25. We are now disposing of all that remain of these stereoscopes, and offer The National Tribune readers a last chance to secure one. If anyone is dissatisfied with his stereoscope he may return it to us, postage paid, and we will return to him 75 cents.

Description of the Stereoscope.

The stereoscope is satin finish, aluminum hood, velvet edged, folding handle, oak-stained wood, perfect lenses of large size, purest glass, hood fits any face. The lens holder, the handle, the partition, the shaft, and the stereoscope holder are made of good quality oak-stained wood, with a rubbeddown finish, giving it a beautiful luster not easily scratched or marred, as is the case with a varnished scope. Our stereoscope is a rich and beautiful instrument. The rubbed finish, oak-stained wood, the velvet edge aluminum hood make an effective and attractive instrument. The handle, fixtures and the spring on the stereoscope holder are the best quality of spring brass. The stereoscope is carefully constructed on scientific principles, and hence will not strain or tire the eyes as do so many inferior and cheap instruments.

Price, express charges prepaid, 75 cents. The National Tribune one year and the Stereoscope, both postpaid, \$1.25.

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Twelve sets of stereoscopic views entirely new, up to date—no old copies. Every view copyrighted and never before published. This series of stereoscopic views is put on the market, claiming the recognition of all users of stereographs, as new subjects never before published.

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